Boult. And if ſhee were a thornyer peece of ground then ſhee is, ſhee ſhall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: ſhees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde? Marry come vp my diſh of chaſtitie with roſemary & baies.

Boult. Come miſtris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold ſo deere.

Ma. Prithee tell mee one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wiſh him to bee my maſter, or rather my miſtris.

Ma. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'ſt a place for which the pained ſt feende of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cuſterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fiſting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is ſuch as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? wher a man may ſerue 7. yeers for the loſſe of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou doeſt, emptie olde receptacles, or common-ſhores of filthe, ſerue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of theſe wayes are yet better then this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could he ſpeak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold ſafely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy maſter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can ſing, weaue, ſow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boaſt, and will vndertake all theſe to teache. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie ſchollers.

Boult.